

# COLLEGE BOY WHO WON'T BE KISSED IS BESIEGED BY GIRLS WHO WOULD INITIATE HIM--OTHERS TELL HIM TO KEEP FAITH

## FLAPPERS AMAZED BY INNOCENCE OF MALE WHO SHUNS RED LIPS

Scores of Letters Come to Frank Culver, Syracuse University's Football Captain, Following His Confession That to Him Osculation Is an Unknown Experience Only Indulged in by Tea Lizards.

SYRACUSE, April 1.

COULD you resist this appeal?

"My Dear Frank:

"So you have never been kissed? I can't imagine it. How I wish you were here now and I could teach you what it is like.

"Where have you been, precious one, on those lovely moonlight nights? I am afraid you have missed the most important part of life. How I would love to teach you, you adorable child. Won't you let me?"

Frank Culver resisted, but whether or not Syracuse University's unknissed student and 1922 football captain repented of his ultra-goodness even for a moment when he got this letter, Culver will not say. But it may help answer these questions:

Do the college women of today want to be kissed, as charged by The Pelican, the undergraduate publication of the University of California?

Is flapperitis now an American epidemic?

Do varsity co-eds put in their spare moments vamping professors and students alike?

Are "petting parties" the main indoor sport for college women and girls out of college alike?

"UNKISSED CLUBS" FORM.

Culver himself, who gave the collegiate world a glorious thrill with his declaration that a woman's lips had yet to touch his, answers "No!" to these questions. And Culver should know, for, since his momentous declaration of masculine lip virginity, he has been buried under a veritable landslide of letters from the fair

sex. Some assail him, some are from avowed doubters, but the vast majority are from serious-minded young women, college students, and others, who praise him for his stand and pledge him their moral support.

For instance, the president of the Senior Girl Scouts of Michigan State Normal School, of Kalamazoo, Mich., writes:

"Stick to your resolutions about kissing. I believe it will pay in the end, don't you?"

"Frank Culver Unknissed Clubs" are in the process of formation in many colleges and universities, according to information received at Syracuse University, where an Anti-Emasculation Club already exists as a recognized fraternity. Edward A. Eicksteadt, of New Britain, Conn., is its president.

The letters received by Culver come from all parts of the United States, and the sentiments that they express give the direct lie to the "jazz" charges hurled at the nation's young women from pulp and lecture platform. In the vast majority of instances the



FRANK CULVER, the unknissed captain of the Syracuse University football team, shown at the right, not only prides himself on his glorious isolation, but finds that of the thousands of girls writing him, the majority say he's quite right. And as for the latest fad, sending a kiss by postcard, it is too frivolous for him to consider.

gridiron star's anti-osculation stand is unqualifiedly endorsed by his feminine correspondents. A Niagara Falls, N. Y., nurse says:

"I don't think such a thing possible in this present-day age.

Wish you all the luck in the world."

Says a Bradford, Pa., correspondent:

"I can't help but admire you, and yet I think that you are doing wrong in calling the other fellows

lounge lizards and tea-drinkers just because they like to dance and like the girls. You don't know what you are missing."

Back in 1905 there was plenty of kissing at Syracuse University, according to a former co-ed at Chan-

cellor James Roscoe Day's university, who writes from Washington:

"Can this be true? If so, the traditions of old S. U. are not being maintained."

A New Brunswick, N. J., girl declares that she kissed Culver's photo as soon as she saw it in the paper and thus expresses her hopes:

"I would love to kiss you."

Maryland and Baltimore girls especially have been contributing heavily to the Culver mail deluge. One Baltimore missive reads:

"My Dear Frank:

"Recently I noticed your picture in one of the papers and then the statement that you had never been kissed or kissed a girl caught my eye.

"I never expect to hear your name again, but in behalf of the girl you will meet and love I hope it is true. Sincerely,

"JUST MARY."

SHE, TOO, NEVER KISSED.

Another Phoenix, Ariz., correspondent writes:

"Dear Mr. Culver:

"I, too, have never been kissed by the other sex, and I am also proud of the fact. Would you mind writing to me? I hope you will, because I should like very much to consider you as a friend.

"YOURS IN FRIENDSHIP."

A girl in Waco, Tex., writes:

"Dear Frank:

"I congratulate you that you have never kissed a girl or been kissed. I wish there were more like you.

"I trust you do not think me fresh for writing to you. Let your wife be the first girl you kiss."

"AN OLD-FASHIONED GIRL."

SHE'S A "LITTLE TOMBOY."

From a girl in Glendine, Mont., came this letter:

"Unknown Friend:

"I would like to ask you why you dislike girls. That is my motive for writing to you. I saw your picture in the Miles City Star, and I think that you are queer not to like girls. I am a regular tomboy myself, but still, I like to go to dances. I am eighteen, but I go skating, sliding, hiking, etc., as if I were a little tot.

Last night I had on riding breeches, heavy sweater and, well, a complete outfit. I wear it in

## "TAKE-IT-FROM-ME" GIRLS BELIEVE HIM TO BE ONLY HUMAN

Following Stand of Culver, Collegians Form Kissless Clubs to Prevent Osculation—Barrage of Scented Notes Still Pours in Upon Remarkable Hero—Donna Juans All Regard Him as Legitimate Target.

Billings all the time for skating. Every one in Glendine was shocked when I went down the street. Girls stared, and I was quite the center of attraction. Wasn't it funny, though?

"JUST A LITTLE WESTERN GIRL."

"P. S.—I am not really little. I weigh 101 pounds, am 5 feet, 2 inches in height and am a blonde."

An Amherst, Mass., girl writes:

"My Dear Mr. Culver:

"Seeing the item of your never kissing a girl, I couldn't resist the temptation to write. It makes me think that you have broken the world's record.

"I suppose you don't know that you have missed one of the thrills of a lifetime. Don't say I am trying to kid you, because I don't believe in kidding. In Amherst College I don't think that one can find a young fellow who has not had a date with some girl."

"ONLY A GIRL."

SHE "DETESTS ALL MEN."

Here's another letter from Lynn, Mass.:

"My Dear Mr. Culver:

"Can it be possible that a young man of today's era is a woman hater? You interest me, inasmuch as I detest all men except those a great deal older than myself.

"If you have a spare moment in the near future, drop me a line explaining the reason for this feeling. I have sent your picture from the paper to a brother in college in Pennsylvania to see if it won't help him buckle down."

From Hagerstown, Md., came this missive:

"Mr. Frank Culver:

"You say you never kissed a girl or never let a girl kiss you. Well, you are a queer fellow."

"Don't you think you would like to feel a girl's lips pressed against yours and feel her arms around your neck and hear her whisper in your ear, 'Frankie, I love you?' You don't know what you are missing."

"Now, please don't think I am bold and bad, for I am not and don't mean to be, but you seemed such a queer fellow that I took the liberty of writing you."

"But haven't you just once wished for a little kiss when you were lonely, sad, and blue?"

"You seemed so queer that I just had to write, and if what you say is true, you are the champion in that line."

"Good-night, you queer fellow. WOULD LIKE TO MEET HIM."

A Goucher College girl writes from Baltimore:

"Dear Frank:

"It would give me the greatest pleasure in the world to meet you, but as that is impossible I am going to do the next best thing."

"Congratulations, congratulations and all the luck in the world."

"Do you know, I did not realize that there was such a man in the world? Really, I did not, for the world seems to be composed of frivolities today. You have started on the right path and may God bless you and give you strength to keep it up. But perhaps you have heard, 'Woe to the man who kisses a girl and straightaway goes and tells'."

"Here's to your success; may you never falter."

## TIME TO BURY WAR HATES AND REBUILD, SAYS BRITISH CRITIC

Politicians Have Failed, Declares Austin Harrison—"Way Out Clearly Defined—It is to Get Back to Sound Principles of Policy, Morality in Public and Private Life, of Belief"—Distrust of Public Leaders Blamed for the General Unrest.

By AUSTIN HARRISON.

NEWSPAPER reading today is no doubt pretty exciting, but the excitements are rather sad. Murders, robberies, violence, low morals, a spate of scandals involving high and low. Divorces by the thousands, in fact a very "picture" show of frail humanity out, as it were, adrift from rudder and principle.

No doubt these symptoms of social diseases are even more emphasized on the continent.

In Paris the latest stage revue portrays an orgy of black and white women naked to the waist; in Berlin the state has had to intervene to put down gross performances in cafes and dancing halls.

Our breakdown is different. It is principles, that fine old quality that made the Victorian age so robust, however dull and drab its antinarcissism.

PUT BLAME ON WAR.

War is largely responsible for the violence. If nations are trained for four years to count slaughter as the highest morality, blood sticks. After all, blood is of our body, and these crimes, these poison practices, these "robbery under arms" outbreaks derive from war and killing spirit. On the whole, post-war murders have been relatively normal.

Also there is this respect—wo-

man. The new freedom of woman has come so suddenly that the necessary adjustment has not yet been reached. Some girls are too free. They forget that war has brutalized our finer instincts and license is rather epidemic.

All this is temporary, almost inevitable. If women will only remember that every civilization bears the stamp of its women, the adjustment will soon shake down, and personally I am one of those who welcome woman's emancipation and believe ardently in sex freedom.

To get down to causes, we must refer back. We live in a democracy, the keynote of which is freedom. It is wonderful, but it is dangerous.

In the old days we had traditions, stern conventions, implacable codes of honor, behavior, morals, etc., and an aristocracy which ruled by example. As feudalism died out the aristocracy lost its example; the South African war let in the new plutocrat. He is today master.

Always the difficulty of a democracy is example, because innovation is the spirit, convention the antagonist, and so example has to be individual, whereas in the old times it belonged to a class, and still further back, to families. And it is here that politicians have failed.

MANY THINGS GONE.

What we note now is general cynicism due to the cynical lack of principle displayed by politicians. The public no longer believes in them. What they say has ceased to matter.

We say: "Oh, more gas," and only too often it is true. How different from Gladstone's days! Many fought him, but all respected him. Men knew that if he said a thing he meant it, and it was so with Disraeli, Salisbury, Chamberlain and Campbell-Bannerman. Today—well, test it. We smile at the Geddes "axe"

## Men Revolt in London Against "Stiff" Collars

LONDON, April 1.—THERE is a masculine war brewing in London. It is directed against the high, stiff collar.

Fashion leaders have attempted to renew the popularity of the "choker" collar, which was famous along Piccadilly in the pre-war days, and have met with a storm of disapproval.

London dandies have become accustomed to the soft collar and they have no desire to go back to the straitlaced fashion of five years ago.

## America Depicted As Armenian Saint

CONSTANTINOPLE, April 1.—A conventionalized figure of a young American has been proposed for adoption as a sort of patron saint for the new Armenian nation.

The original suggestion to this effect came in a prose-poem written by the celebrated Armenian writer, Sebouh Stepanian, and published in the Armenian weekly, Shavagh.

Copied and embossed and framed among Armenian communities throughout the Near East, his picturesquely phrased composition has gained a wide currency, and may one day be handed down as an Armenian classic. While it loses something in translation, it still retains much of its original fervor and flavor.

"The patron saint of Armenia today does not look like our old traditional St. Vassili or St. Paraghe. He is not a grey-bearded and hump-backed old man.

"Dressed in a garment ornamented with a single embroidered star, he hurries tirelessly over valleys and mountains. His star becomes everywhere the symbol of peace, hope, faith, justice and mercy."

"Do you ask who he is that bears this star? He is our American uncle; his star is the emblem of his generous gifts."

because we don't trust our political leaders.

All over the place one can overhear men say—"politics. I take no interest in them." Why is this? Our taxation, our prosperity, our welfare, our future depend upon good or bad politics. Strange that men are not interested. It is undoubtedly because the political game today is not regarded seriously. The words of politicians are not trusted. Men know that their leaders are not acting on principle, are themselves not sincere.

Where is authority today? It

## Kendall Green Was Named After Founder Of Columbia Institution For Deaf and Dumb

Amos Kendall, Who Came to Washington in 1814, Devoted His Life and Money to Education and Public Charity.

By DENIS A. LANE.

THE tract inclosing Columbia Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, together with the adjacent neighborhood, has been known as "Kendall Green" for more than eighty years.

It takes this name from Amos Kendall, the founder and first president of that institution, which has been styled "one of the brightest jewels in the coronet of the republic."

He was born at Dunstable, Mass., August 16, 1787, and spent his boyhood on his father's farm. At the age of nineteen he became a teacher in the public schools of his native town. After preparing for college at Groton Academy, he was graduated with high honors from Dartmouth. A course in law was followed by his removal to Washington in 1814.

From the Capital City he journeyed to Kentucky, where for two years he was engaged as private tutor in the family of Henry Clay. An appointment to the office of fourth auditor of the Treasury Department caused his return to Washington, but wishing to engage in editorial pursuits, he resigned before the end of his term.

In 1835 President Jackson honored him a second time by naming him Postmaster General. During his term he cleared the Postoffice Department of debt and introduced many needed reforms.

After serving his Government well, Mr. Kendall's life thereafter was spent in furthering the cause of education and public charity. These beneficent lines of endeavor

has gone. Where are our former Pro-Consuls? They are silent. Where is the spirit of the age? Where is the great editor, the fine old servant of State whom men likened to the oak? Where is the type of Hampden, of Cobbett, of Ruskin, of Bright, of Fox, of Burke, or Rhodes or Morley?

Somewhat we seem to lack just now our particular English figures, those gnarled branches of the family tree from which great

THE first telegraph message, "What God Hath Wrought," was sent from Washington to Baltimore on May 24, 1844, on a wire attached to the tree indicated below. The tree stood directly in front of the residence of Amos Kendall, after whom the tract Kendall Green was named.



began with his purchase in 1841 of eighty-one acres of land in the northeast section, upon which he erected a substantial residence, still standing in excellent condition.

On that memorable day, May 24, 1844, the first telegraph message, "What hath God wrought," was sent from the United States

Supreme Court room, in the Capitol, to Baltimore.

The wire leading out of Washington was attached to a tree directly in front of the Kendall residence. This last fact is a hitherto unwritten bit of local history.

One year later the inventor, F. B. Morse, visited Washington for the purpose of inducing Congress

to make an appropriation for extending the line to New York. Congress refused, but Amos Kendall financed the project, for which Morse assigned him a handsome interest in his telegraphic enterprise, which later netted them princely fortunes.

The permanent and crowning work of a life filled with charity

war world is the unquestionable tribulation of wealth and the psychological effects of this quite specific war result.

A great deal of the general unrest, certainly of the general apathy towards public affairs, is due to this condition, aggravated by the distrust of public leaders.

We no longer have political parties. Men don't know whom to follow, because they don't know whom to believe. The result is disintegration. Are we to drift

along in the expectation of some man turning up.

We need not. The way out is clearly defined. It is to get back to sound principles; of policy, of morality in public and private life, of belief. For what have got shattered in war are values. We no longer size up a man. We no longer have confidence.

It is time we buried our war emotions and started out to rebuild. Begin with the politicians. Enforce example. Cut out the canker of decay.

Served in Jackson's Cabinet, and Gave \$100,000 to Rebuild the Church Now Attended by President Harding.

His deeds dates from the year 1866, when he founded Columbia Institution.

In that same year an unscrupulous man brought six deaf mute children to Washington with the intention of exploiting their affliction for his own personal gain. His evil design was frustrated by Mr. Kendall, who took charge of the unfortunates, gave them a house and two acres of ground on his estate, and made an initial donation of \$20,000 for their upkeep. This benefaction formed the nucleus of a humanitarian work destined to grow and exert a worldwide influence. A few years later a larger building was erected to accommodate the constantly increasing number of applicants.

In 1864 he resigned the presidency in favor of the late Prof. E. M. Gallaudet, who had come to the institution one year after its founding, and whose connection of sixty-two years there, fifty of which were spent as president, was severed by his death in recent months.

The erection of President Harding's church, Calvary Baptist, together with its rebuilding after being destroyed by fire in 1867, was largely due to the liberality of Amos Kendall, his total donations to the edifice being \$100,000.

On November 12, 1869, he passed away in what was then his city home, 601 M street northwest. Shortly after his death the remaining acreage of his estate was purchased, a chapel and additional buildings were erected.

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